

I paid and walked outside
and my car was there and
I got in and drove away
but I had to stop for a red
light
at Pacific
and
the turkey on wheat and
the slaw and the
decaf
huddled and bucked in
my stomach

and as I got the green
I thought
I might not
go back there.

ABOUT PAIN

my first and only wife
painted
and she talked to me
about it:
"it's all very painful
to me, each stroke is
pain ...
one mistake and
the whole painting is
ruined ...
you will never under-
stand the
pain"

"look, baby," I
said, "why doncha do
something ya like ta
do?"

she just looked at me
and I think it was her
first understanding of
the tragedy of our being
together.

such things usually
begin
somewhere.